

THE GUIDON

MAY, 1906



State Female Normal School
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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MAY, 1906

"I stay but for my Guidon."—Shakspeare.

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Farmville, Virginia



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THE GUIDON

“It were better

Youth should strive through acts uncouth

Toward making, than repose upon aught found made.”

—*Browning.*

VOL. 2

MAY, 1906.

No. 7

April and May.

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs bring again,
The whistle of the returning birds
And trumpet lowing of the herds.
The scarlet maple-keys betray
What potent blood hath modest May,
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
What joy in rosy waves outpoured
Flows from the heart of Love, the Lord.

—EMERSON.

Hitherto Unpublished War Tales.

I.

"FIT OUT."

NEARLY half a century ago, a Mr. Dibrell lived about twelve or fifteen miles from Appomattox Court-House.

He was very wealthy, so since his boyhood he had spent much of his life in the collection of valuable old relics. During the war his health was very poor, otherwise he would not have been spared from the army. His home was situated on the road which used to be called the plank road, leading from Richmond to Lynchburg. Since this was followed by the soldiers during the war between the States, he was frequently visited by "stragglers," as the deserters of the army were called. Some of these, tired, hungry and worn out after a hard day's march, stopped at Mr. Dibrell's for shelter and food, while others stopped to pillage; but whatever their purpose, Mr. Dibrell always talked with them, if he had an opportunity.

One day, as he sat on the porch in front of his store trimming a walking cane, he saw a man coming up the road at a very slow gait. He thought, "This looks like one of those 'stragglers.' I believe I shall go down on the steps and see what he has to say." When the man was close upon him, Mr. Dibrell asked, "Well, good sir, how did you get out of the army?"

The soldier replied, "I will tell you, sir, exactly how it happened. General Lee's army was mighty small as we neared Appomattox, and I got scared that I would be killed. I stayed awake one whole night thinking of how I could get out of the army. After I had thought and thought of every way, I suddenly recalled that I could fall out and have fits at any convenient time, so I decided to try one as a means of escape.

"The next morning, when we were ready to march to the Court-House, I took my place in one of the front ranks. I

marched about a mile and then fell over on the ground, where the soldiers wouldn't step on me, in one of my fits. They passed by without noticing me in the least. I lay there for half an hour to make sure every one in authority was out of sight, then I got up and started back in this direction. I came a few steps at a time, listening intently for any possible pursuer, and dodging behind trees and stumps, until I got here. Now, mister, you ask me how I got out of the army; I fit out!"

A. LOUISE JONES, '09.

II.

GRANDFATHER'S FAVORITE STORY.

The stories grandfather most enjoys telling are those connected with the war between the States. They, of course, more often represent himself, or rather the Southern soldiers, as having the advantage in any contact with the Federal soldiers. There is one story, however, told in favor of a Federal soldier.

"Listen, my children," said grandfather one winter evening, "and I will tell you an entirely new story. It is about a Northern prisoner.

"Near the middle of December, 1861, four men were sent from my regiment to Richmond to guard some prisoners; I, you understand, was one of the four.

"There were very few prisoners in the small house, so we had much time for amusements. The wide James river covered with ice would, we thought, be an excellent place to learn to skate, a sport new to us, but one often enjoyed by the Northern boys and girls.

"Christmas day happened to be the first day we made an attempt to skate. Each one put on his skates, but when I tried to stand on the ice I failed to do it. I soon saw that to be the fate of each one. Thus were our skates tested and proved to be worthless to us. We were tempted to make a hole through the ice and put them into the river,—for spite, I suppose.

"We went back to the guard-house, which was in sight of the river, that afternoon discouraged and without hope of ever learning to skate. But one of the prisoners, who had been

watching us from his window, said to us that night that he used to skate when a child, and, if he had not forgotten, he would gladly teach us, if we would allow him to leave the house.

"The next morning, after having considered the prisoner's proposition, we decided to let him try to teach us that day, for we knew we could shoot him if he attempted to escape. The first time he tried, he made a success at skating about ten feet, and then fell flat on his back. He was several hours learning to skate twenty-five feet without falling. He finally succeeded in skating a longer distance, almost out of sight. He said that if he could succeed the next time in reaching a large tree near the river's edge, he thought he would then be able to teach us. This time every eye was watching him and longing to see him reach the tree. Sure enough, the tree was reached this time, and we saw him turning the bend there. We began to shoot but we were too late to harm him, who, skating down the river at a rapid rate, looked back, waved his hat to us and said, 'Good-bye, Rebs.'

"We never saw him again, but I suppose Christmas must have been as much pleasure to him as we had intended it should be to us."

FANNIE SCATES, '10.

III.

HOW GRANDFATHER RAN THE BLOCKADE.

It was during the month of March, 1862, that grandfather received a letter from Norfolk which read something like this:—"We are going to build an iron-clad boat and your help is needed. Let us know if you can come."

He immediately wrote that he would go. The next question to consider was how to go. The boats running from Cape Charles to Norfolk had been captured by the Federal army, and the only way to get there was to run the blockade through Occohonock Creek and then across the bay. This was very dangerous, as the coast was guarded by Federal ships and troops.

But grandfather was determined to go. With the help of an old servant who was to go with him, he filled the hold of the boat with potatoes and provisions. At nightfall they boarded

their craft and set sail for Norfolk. In some way the enemy heard that an attempt would be made to run the blockade, so they were watching closely for the boat. It required the utmost caution to keep the little vessel from running against one of the enemy's.

For a few hours after leaving the dock, there was a stiff breeze which enabled them to go more than half the distance. About midnight, the breeze died out, and the boat drifted with the tide. Knowing that Norfolk could not be reached within several hours, and fearing that a boat from the Federal fleet might be near, grandfather decided to row up a small creek near by and wait for the breeze. As he turned the boat around, he saw in front of him a large Federal ship. He knew that if he were captured, he would be put to death, so he sprang into the hold of the boat and told the negro what to say if the enemy came aboard. When the Federals saw the boat, they hailed it, and boarded it.

"What are you doing in the bay at this time of night, old man?" they asked him.

"I's taking some potatoes to my sister, boss," was his reply.

"You are sure you are not taking a Confederate soldier to Norfolk?" was the next question.

"Oh! no, sir, boss. I ain't never thought about doing no sech thing as that," he said.

"Well, we'll search the boat anyway, for fear you might have one."

Now old Tony knew that if he resisted, they would suspect him of having run the blockade, so he kept very still until they started into the hold of the boat. "Tain't nothing down there, boss, but potatoes, so it's no need to look," he said to the officer, "and it's dark down there anyway."

"I'll just go down and push my sword around, for you may have a spy hidden under those potatoes," he replied, and jumped into the hold and began thrusting his sword among the potatoes. Once it passed between grandfather's finger and thumb, taking off his thumb; once it pierced his shoe; and once it passed between his arms and body.

"There's nothing down there," said the officer, as he came out and left the boat, "but I was almost sure I saw two men there."

"You'd better hurry and turn your boat around, for the breeze has sprung up and it will carry you to Norfolk in a short time," one of the soldiers called to the old man, as they returned to the ship.

"All right, boss," was his reply, and the boat was quickly headed again for Norfolk. After the Federal boat had been left far behind, grandfather came out from his hiding place, covered with dirt and blood. He bound up his wounds in the best way he could until he reached Norfolk, where he was attended by an army surgeon until he recovered. He then helped to build the boat, and again ran the blockade safely home, without once being seen by the Federal sailors, whom he had twice outwitted.

ANNIE WISE, '10.

IV.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

At one time during the war between the States, the neighborhood in which my grandmother lived was unusually wrought up over a rumored uprising of the negroes, which would, it was feared, exceed in horror the terrible Nat Turner insurrection.

Late one gloomy afternoon, a servant, in great excitement, brought home the news that negroes were seen collecting in a swamp near by. Several other persons, in passing, told grandfather, who had not yet joined the army, of the strange movement of the men in the hollow. The children's eyes grew wide, and grandmother's face grew pale; grandfather quietly took down his pistols, and looked to the priming of his gun.

Night came on, cloudy and dark. Voices could be plainly heard, and a light gleamed from the swamp. Grandfather said that it was probably slaves out for a "coon hunt;" but in their excited frame of mind, this did not satisfy his family. He proposed to go and find out what it meant, but the children clung about him, and grandmother begged him not to leave them.

So he sent a faithful servant to attempt the unraveling of the mystery. The man left; the minutes passed slowly, but he did not return. A boy of fourteen or fifteen, who was employed about the place, now volunteered to go in search of the negro. He went; an hour passed, and he, too, failed to come back.

Grandfather now turned to his wife, with the words, "I can stay here no longer. Wrap the children up, and we will go across the fields to Mrs. Ballou's, which is farther away. I will leave you there, and go see for myself what has become of the men."

With the youngest children in their arms, they set out through the damp, black night, not knowing whether each step might not take them into the midst of a band of frenzied slaves. The older children stumbled along, too frightened to cry. At last they reached Mrs. Ballou's, and found her in the greatest alarm, for passers had warned her, also, of the danger.

After seeing that the house was secured as well as possible, grandfather left them, promising to return as soon as he could.

Left with only the children, the two women tried to keep up their own courage and to cheer the little ones. Outside, the dampness had changed into a slow, dreary rain, which dripped from the eaves complainingly. The wind had risen and moaned dismally around the house, creating unaccountable sounds which made the listeners start and hold their breath. Once, somewhere, a blind slammed violently. The youngest child buried his face in his mother's lap in an agony of fright. The others pressed close to their mothers, their little frames trembling with terror. Who can imagine the thoughts that passed through the minds of the mothers as they watched their helpless children? At any moment the doors might be broken down and their darlings murdered by an infuriated mob!

A half hour passed slowly by. The smaller children, tired out, had fallen asleep. Grandmother and Mrs. Ballou gave up their show of courage and sat silently awaiting what might come.

Suddenly there was heard the sound of a horse galloping furiously over the bridge and up to the house! Their hearts stood still as they looked at each other. The larger children

sprang to their feet, but, at a word, sank down again, afraid to breathe. The horse sped on past the house; and then came callings, and shouting, and men rushing over the bridge! Kissing the children, who sat as if paralyzed, the two women, sending up prayers for help, took each a pistol, and stood by the door, prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The men came on, calling excitedly to each other; and, to the women, it seemed that a multitude was collecting. They clutched their weapons as the trampling feet came nearer, reached the house, surrounded it, seeming to swallow it up in the noise they made, and rushed on in the direction the horse had taken.

What did it mean? The women listened with strained ears, as the thump, thump of the feet grew fainter and fainter. Then came footfalls towards the house again,—this time a single man, over the bridge and up the lane. At the gate the running stopped and the man came on slowly. Would he pass on as the others had done, or give the signal to a waiting band which would unite with the first in attacking the house from all sides? In the intense silence the two women could hear the heavy, painful throbbing of their own hearts, as the man stepped up on the porch.

Then,—oh, joyful relief! it was grandfather's voice, calling, "Mrs. Ballou! Mother, mother!. It is I. Do not be frightened. Open the door. There is no danger at all!"

The strain had been too great. Mrs. Ballou sank down in a faint, while grandmother had only just enough strength to open the door, then fell into grandfather's arms, weeping hysterically. The children were all awake now, crying and asking questions. Grandfather soothed them as tenderly as he could, while grandmother controlled herself and went to Mrs. Ballou, who soon recovered.

Then grandfather explained the mystery. Some negroes, in charge of a half-dozen tobacco wagons, had been to Richmond, had disposed of their loads, and were returning. Owing to some carelessness, a wagon was overturned near the swamp, and the negroes decided to camp out. A soldier, on a furlough, seeing their preparations, determined to rest in the camp that night.

The negroes were already half-drunken, when the soldier began telling of battles and wonderful deeds. The noise they made attracted attention, and a crowd collected. When grandfather drew near he recognized his servant and the boy, listening to the soldier's stories. Just as he reached them, a horse broke loose, and the whole crowd set out in pursuit, laughing and shouting, in the direction he had just come.

Grandfather ran back as fast as he could, for he knew how terrified those helpless ones would be. And very glad were they to have him back, and rejoice with him, that their own fright was the greatest horror the night had witnessed.

GRACE THORPE.

Argus.

The House Terrible.

Were you ever haunted, sisters,
By some secret dread or sin?
If you have, why then you know
How sad our lives have been.

The last month we've been worried
And frightened 'most to death,
By dreams and ghostly warnings
Which nearly took our breath.

Whatever we were doing,
A monster grim would rise
And utter forth his sayings,
Or horrid, threatening cries.

"You'd better write your papers
On the 'House of Seven Gables,'
And put in every personage
And don't forget the fables.

"Nor leave not out the well of Maule
Or the Pyncheon chickens either;
Nor mix your thoughts along with those
Of Hawthorne—the deceiver.

"Now write it well, and to the point,
Something to last for ages;
But better write it in shorthand
Than use more than eight pages."

And if perchance we fell asleep
And dreamed of other things,
Soon would we waken with a start—
The little shop bell rings!

Or if we sought diversion
In a long and quiet walk,
For company along would come
Old Clifford with his talk.

And when at meals we'd slowly sip
Our coffee or our tea,
A form would come, as full of life
As one could wish to see:

'Tis no one less than Phœbe dear,
With Holgrave at her side;
But e'en from them we would be glad
To run away and hide.

Judge Pyncheon was our constant guest,
Oh, he would leave us never!
And Uncle Venner, bless his heart,
Would stay with us forever!

Thus were we haunted day and night
By Pyncheon ghost and gable,
And we had thought we never should
Rest from their shadows sable.

But, friend, at last our house is done,
And tho' we're not disabled,
We hope we'll never have to build
Another house that's gabled.

MARGARET WIATT.

Cunningham.

Music as an Element in Education.

“SOME one, somewhere, states that ‘The new education assumes to develop character, to perfect the constitution, to consolidate the health, to elevate the moral and religious sentiments, to fit men and women for practical life, and to develop genius.’ ”

Music, of course, as a single branch can not accomplish all these things, yet it may and does accomplish some of them.

Music is always associated with religious services. In all times and all religions it has played a necessary and vital part in worship. It has the power, by means of rhythm and harmony, to turn the mind toward thoughts of what is elevated and impassioned. Is not the worship more fervent, the spirit more exalted where “the pealing anthem swells the note of praise?” It seems to bear us to a purer atmosphere. We realize more fully the presence of the divine; we seem nearer to heaven than at any other time.

It is not hard to see the relations of music to religion, but what relation has it to our health? Health of body largely depends upon the health of mind. “Music rests a tired body, elevates and cheers a weary mind, thus adding to the vitality instead of subtracting from it.”

Vocal practice is the best system of general gymnastics. Those who have a tendency toward consumption should take easy vocal exercises. It has been proved by the statistics of Italy that vocal artists are exceptionally long lived, while of the brass instrumentalists it is found that consumption never claimed a victim among them. In some of the best gymnsiums the classes are required to sing the counting in the class exercises. Thus since music leads to better health, naturally it “fits men and women for practical life.”

Music also opens up a wide field of appreciation. “To understand music and to love it, means so much more than that

alone; it means an ability to appreciate harmony wherever it occurs,—in note of bird and babble of stream, or among ‘the murmuring pines and hemlocks;’ to delight in harmony not only of sound, but of form, and color, and proportion; to feel the subtle harmony in a beautiful poem, a stately building, a delicate flower, or a noble anthem as essentially the same.”

It has been said that “the sense of beauty is the source of much that is noblest in character.” This sense, then, should be very carefully cultivated.

In Nature, beauty and utility go hand in hand; why should they not do so in education? It is not hard to make the soul respond to music, for by nature the immortal soul is full of harmony. Every soul has a touch of the divine, but if we deal always with only the hard, practical things of life we suppress and smother that which is best in us.

Music cultivates the power of comparison, also. “No judgment is ever formed without the use of comparison; even our intuitions are mainly judgments formed from comparisons made so rapidly that we lose sight of that element in the apparently instantaneous decision. In the study of music this faculty of comparison is cultivated in the reading of notes, in the necessity of attention to rhythm, in the recurrence of certain notes and chords and in their variations.”

Music also develops that symmetry of character and moral growth which is of so much importance. The influence and importance of music in the world of art is proved by the fact that all great artists have been great lovers of music.

It has been argued by some that music cultivates only one sense, that of hearing, and to train the ear properly to judge music takes years of constant study and practice, which might be used for the improvement of the mind in more practical and useful studies. But what do we mean by the term education? We mean the development of all of our physical, intellectual and moral qualities. Is the mind broad and well rounded which has been trained logically only? Reason alone cannot rule all things. One who is nothing but a mathematician, who deals only and always with angles and triangles “will become as dry

as a cracked cocoannt, as one-sided as a half-pair of shears." Take from education all that deals with the sensibilities, imagination, and feelings, and the mind would be left as the world stripped of the flowers, colors and songs, of Nature shorn of all its beauty and brilliancy.

"The great majority of the members of the human race are more influenced for good or for evil by their feelings, their prejudices, their biases, their emotions, such as love, hate, fear, or their passions, appetites, and cravings, than by cool logic and the decisions of the intellect." Hence all that tends to influence one toward the right, the true and the good is commendable, but commendable just so far as it is used in the right direction.

There are two kinds of music, the pure music or instrumental, and the mixed or vocal music. Music is or may be always elevating, refining, purifying. "It is true that music may be used as the handmaid to passion and even to vice itself; but the evil is more apt to be in the words than in the music itself." Teach the children to appreciate and love those songs which are full of music and beautiful sentiment and they will not care for those which are unrefined or vulgar. The natural character of music is spiritual, and not brutal. It should always go hand in hand with patriotism and religion. "It is adapted to elevate the tone of mind, to set flowing thoughts of purity, cheerfulness, benevolence, and devotion, and to the pure and holy will always prove of much value in producing elevated, noble states of mind." Its influence would be always for good were it not for the abuse to which it has been subject. Is it just to abolish music because it has been abused? What has been more abused than our language? Can we afford to abolish our language because some use it as a cloak for truth, or in a vulgar way? The real use of our language is to give to the world the noble, elevating thoughts of great minds, or to communicate to one another our thoughts and feelings. Speech is the one thing more than any other that distinguishes man from beast. If music elevates and ennobles the feelings and thoughts does it not make this difference greater and give man a better use of speech?

There is more in music than in merely learning how to sing. "There has been much teaching of drawing that is the rankest folly; some teaching of language that is silly; and there has been much teaching of singing that amounted to little aside from ability to use the voice skilfully. But rightly used, there is more discipline for mind and heart, more discipline for success and enjoyment, more discipline for character, in learning to sing than in learning almost any other branch."

Thinking and singing should be companions. "Singing should be taught almost wholly for its effects aside from ability to sing. Singing cannot be well taught that does not, while making intelligent singers, benefit the whole physical being through attitude, breathing and vocal elasticity; that does not make the thought more keen; that does not give greater power for abstract conception, that does not make the choices more correct, the moral perceptions more accurate, the disposition more uniform, the intellectual, moral, physical life more fervent." It is needed in our school to "make discipline lighter, school attendance more regular, school management easier, study more interesting, recitation more spirited. What the wings are to a bird, what the blossom is to the plant, what the juice is to the fruit, what the eye is to the face, what fervency is to the voice, singing is to the school."

MARY PRESTON, '06.

Cunningham.

Glimpses of a Pet.

HE WAS just a curly-headed, blue-eyed, dear little, sweet little pet who had not yet been promoted from the nursery to the kindergarten. In point of age, he could not be graduated for a whole year; in point of qualifications, he was "the most remarkable child ever seen." For, in that curly head there revolved and evolved all the unique little ideas and reasonings and mischief plannings which are common to the family pet.

Of course, everybody played with Douglas. Who does not love to assist in these first lessons? A convalescing uncle undertook his education along the line of story-telling. How the little ears, big round eyes, and little mouth were stretched to catch every syllable! How the laughter and the tears chased each other in quick succession! His eyes would sparkle and the dimples flash in and out when he would tell us how the balloon played "hide and seek" with the clouds, and the next moment real tears would stand in his eyes when he wailed forth, "De 'tittle boy in de balloon wants to see his ma—ma."

A saucy little man he was, with a child's love for sweet things and a child's belief in his indisputable right to all that he could find. When grandmother's cake was found to be mutilated Uncle John asked, "Mother, who pinched your cake?"

"I don't know, John. I was not in the room when it was done."

Then Uncle John turned to Douglas, "Little man, you can tell uncle who pinched grandmother's cake, can't you? Tell me about it."

"'Deed I won't," replied the little man. "It's dranmuvver's cake and it's none of your business who pinched it."

And how his eyes did sparkle when he knew that he "had done that which he should have left undone." One morning

nurse forgot to come for him after breakfast—his usual time of rising. Talking to the pictures grew monotonous and there really was no cover to kick. Douglas resolved to try the girl's bed in the next room. The washerwoman had been before him, however, and on the bed was spread a stack of freshly ironed clothes. Nothing daunted, Douglas took the garments, one by one, deposited them in the middle of the floor, artistically arranged over them pens, pencils, paints, paste, rulers, pin-trays, mirrors and brushes, and thoroughly sifted talcum over the whole. Bottles of shoe polish, ink, tooth-wash, and medicines were carefully removed from the wash-stand and turned upside down in one corner of the room while the wash-stand was filled with books from the table and shelves. Brooms and umbrellas were stacked in the wardrobe, hats and caps were stuffed behind the trunks. Then when all was arranged to his satisfaction, he curled up in the middle of the bed, tucked all the cover around him, clutched the edges tightly and waited with eyes shining like stars for the nurse. And she found him !

But nurse discovered that some names struck terror to his soul. To speak of a gipsy had a quieting influence greatly to be desired. In order that it might be still more effective, nurse and cook made a most horrible creation with black paint, excelsior, and a hideous dress, and placed it at the foot of the cellar steps. When Douglas was good, this gipsy was fascinating to him. "Good morning, Mr. Gipsy. How are you peelin' dis mornin'?" the baby voice would call down from the top step and then would follow a long conversation. He would even go down and pick up chips and come back alone—if he was good. But when he knew that he had been naughty and his little conscience pricked him, his first thought was the fear of the gipsy. And that fear grew and preyed on his mind until it became necessary to make away with that gipsy and convince him that it was gone forever and forever.

ISA COMPTON, '06.

Cunningham.

The Secret of the Sea.

What would you tell to us, restless sea,
Murmuring ever your mournful plea?

Certainly you have no need of us,
To hungrily beg and entreat us thus!
You that could hide us for aye from sight,
Rolling above us in matchless might!

What is the thought in your endless lay
You yearn to impart to us day by day?
Do you know something that we should know,
Something withheld, that to us you owe?

Have you the knowledge which we still lack,
Stumbling along in our well-worn track?
Or, have you struggling in your torn breast
Secrets of life that would give man rest?

You may have riches to fill our need,
Hidden where only the urchins feed;
Treasures of gold, and of unused gems,
Purer and rarer than king's diadems,

While men are fighting for earth's scant store,
Sea, is it this that makes you heart-sore?
Mayhap the tragedies burned in your brain
Cause all the woe in your ceaseless refrain.

Tell you the fate of the homebound bark,
Blasting bright hopes as she sinks in the dark?
Tell you of terrible things to hear,
Mutter of thunderous storm so drear;

Crashing of masts, and wails of despair;
Waves rushing over, and last murmured prayer?
Grieve you for seamen gone down 'neath the wave;
Mother and daughter both in the same grave?
Dream you of skeletons thick on your bed,
Mingling their white with coral's bright red?

Plead you with widow and fatherless child,
Shrinking from you in their hatred wild ?

Think you of lover and sweetheart so true,
Mother and sister, who each owe to you
Tear-swollen eyes and poor broken hearts,
Ears where the sound of your surf ne'er departs ?

Are these augmenting your weight of woe,
And bitter remorse for the pain you sow ?
Writhe you and groan o'er your awful guilt,
Repenting in anguish the heart's blood spilt ?

Justly your wailing assails the shore;
Rightly your troubled heart pleads evermore!

GRACE THORPE.

Argus.

Alone on the Desert.

THE SUN was sinking behind distant hills of sand; twilight was coming on. The figure of a lone rider might be seen standing out against the horizon. He was riding along as if unconscious of all around him; once he raised his head toward the heavens and cried, "O thou great and unknown Spirit, guide me wheresoever I go." Again he lapsed into deep musing. So occupied was he with his own thoughts that he did not see another rider who was following rapidly in his trail. An Arab on his swift black horse is close behind him; whirling his scimitar aloft in his right hand, he is about to bring it down on the head of the musing man, when suddenly the latter looks up, and, quick as a flash, pulls his horse aside. The next instant, when the raised scimitar descends, it cuts the air a hair's breadth away.

The stranger quickly took possession of this vantage moment, raised his own weapon, and, before the other had time to recover his surprise, brought it down on his head, striking the Arab to the ground.

About to dismount to minister to the dying man, the traveller raised his eyes and saw outlined against the horizon a rapidly moving band of horsemen. Digging his heels into his horse's sides, he was soon flying across the desert with all the speed his horse could command. But the Arabs are too swift for him, they are gaining ground; he can hear their horses' hoofs behind him. "Great Spirit, save me! save me!" he cried. Just then a tent loomed up in the distance. "My prayer is heard. Faster, faster!" he calls to his horse.

He can hear the voices of the men behind him. They cry for his blood; they call on Allah to avenge their murdered comrade.

Three leaps of his horse and the tent will be reached; three leaps of his horse and his pursuers will be upon him. He

loosens his feet in the stirrup; raises himself ready to spring, and as his horse, swift as a flying bird, speeds past the open tent door, with a mighty leap he lands within! Safe! for three days; safe, by the unwritten, but binding, law of the people.

The stranger fell on his knees; mutely he thanked the great, but, to him, unknown Father. Rising from his knees he looked around; there was no one in the tent, but it showed signs of having been recently occupied. A supper was spread on a mat on the floor; a supper for two it seemed. Tired and weary, the stranger threw himself down on the floor of the tent.

He has heard the disappointed cry of the Arabs. Then came a few minutes of quiet consultation. A moment, and the tent door is raised again; an aged man walks in. The stranger, whom we will know by the name of Artaban, looks up and in the newcomer recognizes the foremost, the hottest of his pursuers. Quickly springing to his feet, he confronts the intruder.

"Have you forgotten the law of hospitality? Three days is even the murderer safe under the roof of the one whom he shall choose to make his host."

With a calm, steady gaze, and a condescending wave of the hand, the robber Arab answered:

"I have not forgotten. You are welcome in the tent of Aaron Herschel. Three days you may eat of his bread and sleep under his roof."

Half ashamed of his impetuosity, he seated himself again on the mat and lapsed once more into musing.

Presently he heard the Arab's voice, inviting him to partake of his supper. In silence they ate, though the Arab partook but sparingly. His eye glanced restlessly here and there, as if ever seeking something—it knew not what. Once it wandered to the stranger and rested there with a peculiar, thoughtful expression. Artaban noted the look, but ate on with an air of indifference. Presently the host spoke:

"Young man, what has brought you into the desert alone?"

"I search for Truth," he answered with studied brevity.

"And have you found Truth?" asked the old man with more eagerness than he had yet manifested.

"Not yet," was the answer.

"And you never will," commented the old man with his usual calmness.

Each returned to his own thoughts, and the meal was finished in silence.

It was twilight of the second day; the Arab and his youthful companion were again at their evening meal.

"Would that I had not promised," the Arab was saying as to himself. "It is true he killed one of our band, and that it was my son ! But he is brave and noble; my son is gone, never to return; I am an old man. But the promise !" And the old man buried his face in his hands. An hour he sat thus; his meal was forgotten; he was thinking.

At last he raised his head. "Young man," he said, "I promised the Arab band that I would keep you until three days were over. It was my son whom you killed; so they never once doubted that I would keep my promise. But what is the use of another death ? You are searching for that for which I long searched in vain. And in spite of my promise I feel that I must send you forth to continue your search. You may go. Peace be with you." He made his farewell salaam.

"But, father, what will the others say when they find that you have let me go ? I cannot take advantage of your kind and generous offer, if it will in any way prove harmful to you."

The old man was silent for a while, then he said, "If the father is willing why should the others murmur ? No, my son, it can do no harm to me. It will only make me happy to know that a searcher after Truth is abroad. You may think it strange that I, one of a robber band, should speak thus, but I have not always been what I now am. Long ago I gave up the search after Truth and became a robber. Go now, and do you never give up the quest until success crowns your efforts."

Again he made his farewell salaam and the young man reluctantly departed.

Many years Artaban wandered among the tribes of south-west Asia in his long search. At last he joined some wise men and with them saw that wonderful star in the east. As the fourth wise man he followed the seemingly ever-fleeting presence

of Jesus of Nazareth, incarnate Truth, to find Him at last as he himself lay dying.

Though the old Arab had expressed himself to the young man as fearing nothing for himself, he yet had doubts of what the result would be. His son had been a general favorite in the band, besides he was their best fighter and swiftest horseman.

Just after sunset of the third day they came; the old Arab met them in his tent door with the usual greeting. This over, the robbers at once asked for the young stranger. The old man quietly informed them,

“He is not here.”

Something in his manner at once aroused their suspicion.

“And where is he?” asked one.

“That I do not know,” replied the old man. “With my permission he left here yesterday at twilight.”

“With your permission!” echoed the robbers. “By your permission we will sever your head from your body!”

“You have my permission,” calmly answered the old man.

But suddenly the chief raised his hand to command silence, and in a voice of thunder cried, “Aaron Herschel belongs no more to the honored tribe of the Night Hawks. I swear it! Hand me your scimitar, Aaron.”

The old man handed it to him. The chief, raising it aloft, with a deft swing of his arm, threw it from him, causing it to alight hilt upward in the ground.

“Cursed be he who touches it,” cried the leader.

“Come, men.” He lifted his shining blade on high as, at the head of twenty horses, he galloped off, leaving the aged Arab standing in his door, with the last rays of the setting sun lighting up his gray hair. How long he stood there none could tell. The sun left him there. At last, lifting his head to the starry realm above, he looked and seemed to see beyond the bounds of time and space, for he cried,

“So he hath indeed found that he sought! Great Spirit, I thank thee!” and he bowed himself to the earth.

The stars looked down in silence on the prostrate figure of a lone man.

SALLIE E. JONES, '06.

Cunningham.

May Day Customs.

THE ALMOST universal custom of celebrating the first day of our month of May with dancing, singing, out-door games, and other amusements originated probably with the early Romans whose yearly festival, the Floralia, took place about this time of the year. If this be a fact, we owe much to these old heathen warriors, for who does not feel a thrill of joy even at the simple name of May? It brings happy thoughts of long days spent in the beautiful sunshine; joyous birds warbling their sweetest messages of spring-time; tiny flowerets sending their sweet odors through the air; the violet, the buttercup with her golden chalice, the fair-haired dandelion, and the primrose peeping from the earth to welcome May. Milton has truly called this month, "the flowery May." June and July do not fail to bring us flowers in abundance; but the May flowers, whose tiny heads peep above the earth not yet bare of winter's frost, receive from us the gladdest welcome.

The name May is derived from the word Maia, the name of the Roman goddess of growth and new life. What better name could be chosen for such a month!—the month of new life; the time when old earth throws off her blanket of winter snows and renews her youth through the happy influence of May birds and blossoms.

The May day celebrations hold a prominent place in the works of the great literary men of the Middle Ages. Chaucer writes of the English custom of rising before the dawn and going off to the woods in search of the hawthorn, or "the May," as it was then called. In this search the Mayor of London, as well as the corporation, joined. A certain English writer has given us a description of May day: "In the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates had their several Mayings, and did fetch their Maypoles with divers warlike shows; good

archers, morrice dancers, and other devices for pastime, all day long; and towards evening had bon-fires and stage plays." It was a beautiful sight to see the happy young faces, lighted up with the joy of living, as they returned from the woods at day break laden down with the odorous branches of the hawthorn. Strong arms bore aloft the slender Maypole with its streaming ribands and waving May-blooms. The shrill sound of horns and fifes could be heard on the air, and the glad voices of the children joined in their happy song:

"The moon shines bright, and the stars give light
A little before it is day:
So God bless us all, both great and small,
And send us a joyful May."

On the village green the Maypole was erected. On a throne of flowers the prettiest and most popular village maiden was placed, and thus made the ruling empress of the day. In Germany it is the custom to choose for monarch the handsomest and most witty boy of the country round, who receives for his title, "Count of May." All day long his rule lasts, and the villagers hold upon the green a mimic court imitating the manners of their superiors.

The people of Denmark also turn out before day break on the first of May in order to see "the sun dance." Their May pole, flaunting its ribands and blossoms, is left standing until the blossoms wither and fade away; the ribands bleached by the sun lose their bright colors and are torn and pulled to the ground by the wind and rain; and the bare pole stands unadorned, a silent memorial of happy days and joyous hearts.

Long ago the ancient Scots observed this day as a day sacred to Baal, whom they regarded as a personification of the sun. Great fires were built and over these the people chanted their prayers.

In Vienna, even to the present day, the emperor and the empress drive through the Prater, accompanied by the shouts and rejoicings of their subjects.

In these countries, however, these old customs are fast dying out. In England the chimney-sweeps and dairy-maids have

almost monopolized the celebration. The former dance along the streets, dressed in quaint costumes,—queer masked figures dancing wildly and fantastically. Their brooms and pans, instruments of their daily toil, are used now as wands, or assistants to their amusements; and from their old employers they receive rewards for their trouble. The dairy-maids also take part in the celebration. With garlands and wreaths of odorous hawthorn placed upon silver waiters, they sing and dance in front of the houses of their regular customers.

In our country the older people rarely ever join in the amusements of May-day, and its celebration is confined mostly to school children.

The little May-queen, a fair-haired sprite with the bluest of blue eyes, takes her seat upon a throne of flowers. The small courtiers gather around her. Songs and games beguile the sunny morning hours as the sovereign from her bower looks on. At her royal command the small subjects move rapidly, and dances, songs, and recitations are the order of the evening. Sometimes little souvenirs are given, such as tiny baskets of buttercup and fern, or sprigs of hawthorn and peach blossom.

Only think what fun it is to the little ones to spend this happy day in the bright sunshine; and you will realize the almost necessity of keeping up these old customs. Let us all try to renew them, and each come and take her part; for, as Her-
rick says:

“Let us go while in our prime
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.”

BESSIE PAULETT.

Argus.

A Bow of Pink Ribbon.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARY TRICKSTER } *Twins so much alike that their best friends scarcely*
SALLIE TRICKSTER } *know them. Mary has on pink ribbon, Sallie blue.*
JOHNNY TRICKSTER, *The small brother.*
JACK LOVEMUCH, *tall and slim, rather bashful and very much in love with*
Mary.

SCENE.—The parlor at Mrs. Trickster's.

Curtain discloses Mary playing softly and singing, "He won't propose."

Enter SALLIE.

SALLIE (listens a moment).—Well, he stayed long enough last night. What was the trouble?

MARY (turns quickly).—Oh, Sallie ! I wish you had heard him after you left. John is a dear old boy; but he does get so silly when he gets to talking about the moon.

SALLIE (quotes with dramatic gestures).—

“ Alas the love of women ! It is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.”

Seriously, I fear for his reason, if this keeps up. When I came in last night before you came down, he jumped up, rushed across the room, fairly seized my hand and began, "W-wh-what an e-e-ternity it has seemed—"

“Mary will be down in a minute, Mr. Lovemuch,” I interrupted because I was beginning to tremble all over—although it happened to be with laughter.

MARY.—Oh, Sallie, you are dreadful. You know you are making that.

SALLIE.—I tell you what, Mary, I don't believe he knows us apart except when we have on different ribbons. (In a reflective manner.) I always did like pink—don't you like blue?

MARY.—What a lark ! (Hesitating.) Do you think we ought to do it ?

SALLIE.—You greedy little person to begrudge me a few sentences of that quintessence of sweetness. Don't be alarmed ! It will not be wasted on the desert air, for I will gather up even the fragments and deliver them safely unto you.

MARY.—You are horrid, Sallie.

SALLIE.—Well, then, I will solemnly promise by all the proposals I ever expect to receive that I will never—no never, divulge one syllable (Pleadingly.) Mary ! Let's have a little fun. I just want to see whether we can fool him.

MARY.—Of course, I don't care—but he will be here in a few minutes. Come along and let's change.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MR. LOVEMUCH.

MR. LOVEMUCH.—I hope I won't make a mistake again like I did last night. By Jove, it gets worse and worse. When Miss Mary wears blue then I am all right but last night they had on all white. Oh, Jupiter ! but didn't Miss Sallie's eyes dance. I'm afraid of that girl. She is always laughing at me. Well, if Miss Mary will let me put this little circlet on her finger to-night, I'll not be fooled any more.

Enter SALLIE, wearing pink ribbon.

SALLIE (very demurely).—How do you do, Mr. Lovemuch ? Arn't we having lovely weather ? (takes a seat on corner chair).

MR. LOVEMUCH (seating himself near her).—No, thank you. Oh, yes, I s'pose so. Pink is very becoming to you, Miss Mary. You should wear it always. I adore you in pink.

SALLIE.—Really, Mr. Lovemuch—I—

MR. LOVEMUCH.—Oh, I didn't mean that. Oh, yes I do. I mean more than that, I swear I do. I love you better than—

Enter JOHNNY, running pell-mell.

JOHNNY.—I say, Sallie, where'd you put my fish-net. The boys are waiting for me and I can't find it.

MR. LOVEMUCH (jumps up and looks at her keenly).—Sallie !

JOHNNY.—Please hurry, Sallie.

Enter MARY.

MARY.—I am so sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Lovemuch. I suppose Sallie has told you how busy I was.

SALLIE.—No, he has been telling me how much he admires your pink ribbon. Come on, Johnny, and I'll find your net. Mary, hadn't you better show Mr. Lovemuch the new roses?

ISA COMPTON, '06.

Cunningham.

Thoughts by a Fireplace.

WHEN I read the "Thoughts Suggested by an Old Fireplace," it caused me to remember the thoughts which I have had of that fireplace, and as I am not by a radiator, I believe they are realistic.

Before proceeding you must know of two opinions of success in literature, given by the only two people I ever met, that knew the world of books. One maintains that all successful writing is due to imagination, as this alone can give the charm that will make a work live as do the delicate suggestions of Keats and Spencer, the majestic fabric of Milton, those thrilling romances of Hawthorne and Poe. Could the leaden-minded, ruled by reason, have said:

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with joyful scorn,"

or—

"Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Then too, "Truth is stranger than fiction because Fiction is obliged to stick at possibilities, and Truth isn't." My other friend tells me that realism alone created immortals in our world of letters. We wish to have the man and woman in the printed page the humanity that we know, and must we not confess that even our heroes are the idealization of the ego? Are not our favorite authors the very echo of ourselves? So Chaucer lives, and those fragmentary verses of Sappho make our very blood tingle because the heart of a woman is written there, and Pepy's Diary is like getting a letter from our young cynical friend at home.

As the road to seeing oneself in print is so wide, I hope I will be pardoned for journeying into THE GUIDON with my

thoughts or feelings these winter days by the time-honored fire-place. A fire is a sad flirt, for what you want her to do, she won't, and what you do not, she will. Yesterday morning when I arose, it was warm, and I had a fire which would quickly thaw the North Pole; this morning it was zero, and my fire would have done for an ice-cream freezer.

Now, as I sit by the fire my face is burnt by the flames and my thoughts go back to the time when I was a child and watched them dancing up the chimney, as they bore our letters to dear old Santa Claus. In those days, how careful we were not to go too near the fireplace when we were naughty, for fear our worshiped saint would hear. Those days are irrevocably gone, and while these memories make the heart burn more intensely than the broad flame, I realize that chills are playing leap frog on my spinal column. I turn my back to the fire, so presently I am told that I am "smoking." As I do not use tobacco in any form, this accusation hurts my feelings. It also awakens memories of smarting pain which I felt when once before my father saw me smoking.

My thoughts do not cling entirely to the fire-place of today, but those scenes of our ancestors loom up before me. In those days, the half frozen lambs were warmed into life again on the old worn hearth-stone; the family gathered around it, clad in home-spun garments, and our dear grandmothers rolled balls of carpet-rags or knitted the family hosiery. On that high, bare mantel-piece stood the candle-stick, the tall grim clock that ticked our progenitors into eternity, and by it was the bottle of weed medicine, with other time honored remedies, which hurried them thither.

Although we have no hearth-stone to gather around for our merry makings, no sacred ties are severed, for it is not one of the ties which bind. Love and health are these ties, and they are with us as truly as they once lived in that lifeless clay from which we sprang. Every one is apt to look back into the past as being the days of better things, forgetful that no generation creates a monopoly on happiness, nor on heroism. If those hearths could only tell their history, what a long list of weak-

ness and sorrow they would reveal; of the mother and father praying in vain for the reformation of an erring son or daughter, of blighted affections, of the many times that death had made his chilly presence felt.

Let us leave these reveries, as the past only exists for the education of us and of others to be. "To-day is your day and mine; the only day we have; the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for any other source of life leads to decay and waste."

E. WINIFRED BROWN,
Lafayette, W. Va.

The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson.

AS THE tenth of May returns year after year, our thoughts go sadly back to that day long ago when our beloved Jackson lay dying. We seem to see again that loved figure, and to hear those last three clear commands he gave to his army:

“Order A. P. Hill to prepare for battle.”

“Tell Major Hawks to advance the commissary train.”

“Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade.”

No one has written of these dying words more beautifully than Sidney Lanier. It seems fitting, therefore, that we should celebrate this anniversary by another reading of his exquisite poem.

“The stars of Night contain the glittering Day
And rain his glory down with sweeter grace
Upon the dark World's grand, enchanted face—
All loth to turn away.

“And so the Day, about to yield his breath,
Utters the stars unto the listening Night,
To stand for burning fare-thee-wells of light
Said on the verge of death.

“O hero-life that lit us like the sun !
O hero-words that glittered like the stars
And stood and shone above the gloomy wars
When the hero-life was done !

“The phantoms of a battle came to dwell
I' the fitful vision of his dying eyes—
Yet even in battle-dreams he sends supplies
To those he loved so well.

“His army stands in battle-line arrayed:
His couriers fly; all's done; now God decide !
—And not till then saw he the Other Side
Or would accept the shade.

“Thou Land whose sun is gone, thy stars remain !
Still shine the words that miniature his deeds,
O thrice-beloved, where'er thy great heart bleeds,
Solace hast thou for pain !”

Editorials.

First, April, she with mellow showers,
 Opens the way for early flowers;
 Then after her comes smiling May,
 In a more rich and sweet array.

—Herrick.

“Les
 Miserables.”

It is a generally accepted belief that no one in this world is entirely free from care; but whoever reads the current periodicals is forced to perceive that there are many people who live such monotonously pleasant lives that, having no trouble of their own, they must look for misery elsewhere.

So they hunt up all kinds of problems with which to wrestle, from the race question to spelling reform. A year or two ago bacteria gave them the needed trouble. They zealously warned people, that if only they could see it, they would find themselves living in air as thick with germs as Chicago is with coal smoke. Next they talked of corruption in politics, the unsoundness of our government, the danger in trusts, the falseness of social life.

Then, when these subjects were exhausted, or rather their thoughts on these subjects, they alarmed themselves greatly over the probability that in the next thousand years the coal supply may give out; then how in the world will people warm themselves?—especially since, in the course of time, our globe will be a mass of ice! And in connection with this thought, they asked us to ponder seriously what would be the result if one of those runaway worlds, which so often travel furiously through space, should strike our earth before it had cooled enough to be non-combustible.

Then these unfortunately happy people, not finding that these possible calamities made them sufficiently miserable, fell

to talking about the danger of teaching children to be right-handed, arguing that the constant use of one side of the body may, in several hundred generations from now, develop a deformed race.

Having thus thrown a thick shadow over the future, they borrowed one of Darwin's theories for a ladder, climbed into the past, and attempted to pull the black cloud of man's evolution far enough over us to meet the other, so forming a canopy which should shut out every ray of happiness. But even these would-be pessimists found that evolution formed so close a covering, that, in the darkness, visions of our ancestors, swinging from tree to tree, chattering and squealing, horrified them, so they let the curtain fly back.

The next anti-happiness remedy they tried was woman suffrage. They thought this would surely work a cure. What pictures they saw of bedlam turned loose if women gained the ballot! And what visions they had of deserted homes and neglected children, when the women turned to stump speaking! And some of them were really made unhappy by the thought that while the women were canvassing, they, the misery-seeking ones, might have to eat cold meals sometimes.

Now they are taking "higher education for women." It, also, seems to afford them relief from their happiness. They predict direful results from the strides women are making towards learning. They say the girl of today is over-reaching herself; that she is striving for such high standards, and aiming at such lofty ideals, that she will entirely overlook the average young man.

That even this strong drug cannot counteract their hopefulness is shown by the fact that one sunny-souled individual remarked, innocently: "Well, you know a woman never strikes what she aims at."

An Epoch in
American Athletics.

That history repeats itself is seen very forcibly in an approaching happening of April 1906, in the world of athletics. We students, who are so in love with the romance and glamour of Grecian days,

will delight in the revival of a classic custom, in which our colleges can take an active part. This event which is so saturated with memories of ancient Greece is nothing less than the revival of the Olympian Games. The Crown Prince of Greece is president of the movement, and President Roosevelt has sent a special commission to represent America. We can see from this what an important event the world considers it. The Olympian Games were really revived ten years ago, but this year America sends forth thirty athletes to try for the olive crown at Athens; hence our interest is especially strong at this time. The colleges to be represented are Chicago, Williams, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, but many prominent athletic associations and clubs will send competitors.

Human nature, the same in all ages and all countries, has always believed in the picturesqueness and Utopian state of things of the past; and always loudly calls for the "good old times." Naturally, then, the modern Olympian Games will not interest us as do those of the ancients. We will still cry out for the splendid chariots, the Hellenic runners, the stately Athenian maidens in their snow-white tunics, the crown of wild olives! But there is no doubt that to the mind of an ancient Greek the brilliant sweaters and padded breeches of our college athletes, the soberly dressed judges, and the bright-faced daughters of all nations gathered to witness the games—will prove most interesting, and add a strangeness that the Olympian Games of his own day could not call forth.

April. My name is April, sir, and I
Often laugh, as often cry;
And I cannot tell what makes me,
Only, as the fit o'ertakes me,
I must dimple, smile and frown,
Laughing though the tears come down.
But 'tis nature, sir, not art,
And I'm happy at my heart.

—TENNYSON.

**Rules and
Regulations**

I. Those girls who do not attend Y. W. C. A. on Saturday and Literary Society on Thursday are requested to assemble and make all the noise possible over the auditorium. This adds greatly to the exercises, and gives those present the idea that you are too busy with great affairs to attend such trivial meetings.

II.

Always rush up and down the halls as rapidly as possible. Never stop when you meet a teacher,—it would look too much as though you were wasting time.

III.

Never waste your breath in rushing to meals. The door is always left open for late-comers.

IV.

Don't rush to chapel, because when you are late it gives the leader of the morning time to collect his thoughts before beginning the exercises.

V.

Always take a notice of some kind to chapel with you. The exercises become tiresome without any notices to break the monotony.

VI.

Don't put your light out promptly at ten every night. It leaves the impression that you are too great a sleepy-head.

VII.

If you want to hang up any pictures, always use nails or tacks. It is an excellent practice for your manual training.

VIII.

Don't let studies interfere with your basket-ball playing. If you find you can't carry both, by all means drop the study; basket-ball will help you a great deal when it comes to getting a diploma.

IX.

Never let manual training interfere with your talking. If

it does, stop the work, because we all need good drills in expressing ourselves, correctly and fluently, and here is an excellent opportunity not to be slightly used.

X.

If you have any important business to transact be sure to gather on the campus during your vacant periods. Our president delights in seeing girls promenade during study hours.

XI.

Always scrape your feet when you march; it makes a pleasing accompaniment to the music.

XII.

In going up a narrow staircase, with fifty people waiting at the top, stop on the middle step (while eight or ten girls struggle past you) till your best friend comes, then lovingly winding your arms about each other walk slowly up the steps. This is effective. It presents a touching tableau of love and courtesy, and tends to promote patience and grace in those who are so fortunate as to see it from the top.

A New Crusade. We propose a crusade among all school magazines for the protection of Niagara. Just think of the grandest falls in the world, the pride of America and Canada, being despoiled that some rich trust may grow richer! When Cyrus diverted the course of the Euphrates to capture Babylon, he at least had the excuse of gratifying a great ambition. But the people who would turn the waters of the Niagara, thus robbing the falls of its beauty and grandeur, have no higher thought than money getting.

The first thing we learned in geography was about Niagara Falls. We used to look at the pictures of that wonderful sheet of falling water and then turn to our maps and wonder how in the world, since toward the bottom of the map must be downhill, and Lake Ontario was higher than Lake Erie, the water could run up and still fall. We could not puzzle it out, but determined to go there some day and see how it was done. Now,

very probably, unless some step is taken, there will be no falls to see when we go.

Then another thing: If the Falls are spoiled, where will people go on their wedding journeys? There are only two places to which to make bridal trips, Niagara Falls and Washington. And they say it is becoming very ordinary to go to Washington.

So it behooves us Normal School girls to agitate this movement for the protection of the Falls. Though we would not say it to everybody, the students of this institution do not expect to teach school all their lives.

Sewing. If Mother Nature patches
 The leaves of tree and vine,
 I'm sure she does her darning
 With the needles of the pine;
 They are so long and slender
 And somewhere in full view,
 She has her threads of cob-webs,
 And a thimbleful of dew.

T. B. ALDRICH.

Reading Table.

THE AMERICAN TEACHER IN THE PHILIPPINES.

So much contradictory testimony is published as to the nature and probable results of the work done in the American schools in the Philippines that really first hand competent testimony gains special importance. A good deal of what passes for competent discussion of the Philippine school work is written by whilom sojourners, some of whom have not been near a school house in the islands. Other contributors, claiming to have been visitors to these schools, have told incidents and classroom conversations, "interesting, if true." *The Outlook* for February gives us some reliable information on this subject.

The teachers in the Philippines who have been in the work since 1901—some of them even longer, beginning back in the days of the military government,—now call themselves the "Old Guard." But they are yet young in the experience, in the light in which real work in an environment so different from that at home should be regarded. Testimony from these men and women is the most valuable of all. They, of all Americans, have come closest to the masses of the Filipino people.

Some extracts from an article contributed to the *Philippine Teacher*, by E. J. Albertson, are of interest and value to every American who takes interest in the broader aspects of the Philippine question.

Old established customs of home, that we regard as superstitious and queer, are gradually giving way to modern ideas. Rarely does one now encounter, upon paying a visit to the home of a pupil, that cold, foreign attitude of suspicion on the part of the parents and other members of the family that formerly characterized such occasions. Instead, we now begin to see the young people and parents receive their visitors with respect, ease, and cordiality. The visitor does not so frequently have to gain the good will of the two or three bony dogs, the fighting cock,

or the family pig, at the entrance to the Filipino home, as was formerly the case. The pets are gradually being relegated to their proper places.

Instead of saddles and fish nets, he finds on the wall pictures and drawings made perhaps by some member of the family. The furniture, what there is of it, is arranged with some degree of taste.

In the matter of cooking, eating, and sleeping, perhaps the greatest changes have been wrought. First of all, pigsties and chicken roosts are being removed from the kitchen, and better facilities for cooking are being substituted for old ones. The practice of eating food from one common dish is being discontinued and greater use is being made of knives and forks. The people are learning the desirability of using beds instead of the floor for sleeping purposes. Nor are all the windows of the bed-room closed tightly at night, as was formerly the case. Thanks to the lessons learned in hygiene classes, the children are persuading their parents to pay more attention to the matter of ventilation.

Schools are teaching the Filipino people to appreciate the dignity of manual labor, which fact is manifesting itself most forcibly in the home. In the past years the better class Filipino homes were crowded with slaves who were made to do all the house work. We find the sons and daughters in many families now doing this work. An American teacher carrying a couple of large packages of books home, or a lady teacher with her sleeves rolled up doing some ordinary household duty, have demonstrated to the Filipino boy and girl that manual labor is not for some but for all, that instead of shunning work because it is undignified, we should cling to it for the joy it gives.

GRACE WALTON, '06.

Argus.

BRAIN EXERCISE.

We have always been told that the brain needs more rest than it gets during the sleeping hours; therefore, we sit and gaze out of the window, thinking of nothing in particular, and

imagine we are benefiting the brain wonderfully. In one of the March issues of the *The Literary Digest*, there is an article on brain exercise, taken from the *New York Medical Journal*, which contradicts this theory. The writer tells us that the brain needs no rest except sleep, and, during the waking hours, should be kept working.

"To keep the brain in good condition," he says, "it should be used continually; just as constant use of the muscles is essential to physical well-being." He also tells us that the more we exercise our minds, the longer we shall live. By disuse of certain parts of the brain, certain muscles are crippled, and partial paralysis results. He gives this as an instance: "In the English rural districts, probably one-third of the agricultural laborers who survive the age of thirty or thirty-five, die of paresis. These people, it seems, are so far removed from the intellectual world that they rarely see newspapers or magazines, and 'there is nothing new under the sun' to them."

Even we, who have plenty to occupy our minds, sometimes let them wander. As a remedy for this, a noted doctor says: "Every one should have a hobby, to which he should devote what would otherwise be his leisure hours." The one objection to such a hobby is that we are likely to neglect other things, and use our minds only along one line. Nevertheless, this physician thinks every one should have a hobby.

We are inclined to believe this does not apply to Normal School girls; for if long life is the result of brain work, there is no need for us to greet each other with the Oriental salutation, "May you live a thousand years!"

MARION SNAVELY.

THE PHILIPPINE CRISIS.

In one of the March editions of *The Outlook* there is a most interesting article entitled, "The Philippine Crisis."

The editor of this magazine shows how the opinions of the American people, in regard to our relation to the Philippines, divide them into three distinct groups. The first of these believe that "we have no moral right whatever to govern the Filipinos,"

and that we should relinquish all claims to them. The second group think that the United States came into possession of these islands by legal rights, and should take advantage of these opportunities by getting all the benefit possible from them. The third group consists of those who believe that the Philippines were forced upon us, and that we should guard them as jealously as we do our own states. In the last group may be classed the opinions of the wisest and most farsighted Americans, among them our President.

It is this class of intellectual men who are urging the passage of the Philippine Tariff Bill, which provides that, for the next three years, sugar and tobacco shall be imported into our country for one-fourth of the present duty, and, at the end of that time, shall come in free:

The editor of *The Outlook* pleads most urgently for the passage of this bill. "We urge our readers to stand up and be counted. We urge them in every state in the Union to do what a very influential and able body of citizens of Connecticut have done in petitioning their representatives in the United States Senate to vote for the bill." The editor thinks, since this bill has already passed the House, it will also be passed by the Senate, if the majority of the American people, who are in sympathy with this bill, would only make known their wishes concerning its passage.

ALICE CARTER.

Open Column.

THE OPEN COLUMN AGAIN.

The question raised by "T. C." in the March GUIDON, "Is the Open Column a Farce?" was certainly startling. If her statements are true, we Normal School girls must be up and doing. We cannot allow such a state of affairs to exist. We must come to the aid of the editors, and send them some contribution for the Open Column.

This is the last magazine of this term, but there will be numerous opportunities to write next year. Let us determine to send the editor some short, bright articles early in the session. And let them be good articles, the very best we can write. Let me ask some questions. Do we always do our very best when we write for THE GUIDON? Are the papers written with the same careful thought that we would give to a theme for an English class? If they are not, why not? This magazine represents us throughout the State. Should it not be full of our best work?

Normal School girls are quick to see their duty, and I believe if we consider this matter seriously, the Open Column will cease to be a farce. The reform is herewith started; let the good work go on.

A REFORMER.

THE FIRE.

We were aroused from our peaceful slumbers on Tuesday morning, April 10, by some one calling, shaking or pulling us out of bed. We were told to get out of the building as soon as possible, for a fire had been discovered in the apartments over the dining room. The girls needed no second warning, for already the smoke was pouring into the rooms and filling our eyes, lungs and mouths. I think you will agree with me before I finish that it filled our brains also.

The fire was discovered at five o'clock, and in a few minutes the men of the town were here working like Trojans. They sent the girls out of the building. Very few of the students were in their usual dress, and some one remarked that the campus was filled with angels with flowing hair who wore long white robes. They hardly felt as angelic as they looked.

On being awakened, some girls' first thoughts were of what they wanted to save. One girl caught up a V. P. I. pennant and went hurriedly down the fire escape. What a pity that the gallant knight of Va. Tech, instead of Philip, the cook, was not standing at the foot to lift the young lady tenderly and safely to the ground.

A Y. W. C. A. girl came walking downstairs, in a stately way, wearing a gray dressing gown. She had on all of her jewelry, and under one arm she carried her clean clothes, and under the other, her Bible.

One poor confused child packed her warm bedroom slippers in her trunk, and went shuffling downstairs in her overshoes, carrying a toothbrush in one hand, and a red parasol in the other. Another girl, eager to save something, threw her photographs on the roof of the kitchen where the fire originated.

It seems that we are lovers of V. P. I., for one girl went running about with two V. P. I. hatpins; and another young lady who seemed to be going on a journey, for she carried a dress-suit case, was clinging to a picture of one of the cadets. He was not her brother, either.

While every one was getting out as quickly as possible, one of our girls was on the third floor putting on her Sunday dress, for if she saved anything she wished it to be her best. In her desire to look pretty, she forgot her one ambition, which was to go down the fire escape; instead, she walked quietly downstairs, over trunks and furniture, to the reception hall.

Some girls in the excitement seemed to have had the strength of Hercules. They carried to the windows trunks that heretofore two men have staggered under, and sent them crashing to the ground. Several of the trunks were broken by the fall, and the onlookers beheld the hoarded treasures of a schoolgirl,—photographs, candy boxes, and letters tied together with ribbon.

Before six o'clock the excitement was over. It was very amusing to see the girls come back upstairs, bringing what they had taken out in the excitement. It was then we noticed their lack of presence of mind. However, with all the excitement not a single girl out of three hundred and fifty was heard to scream.

Three cheers for the Normal School girls, who have been so well trained that they can go through a fire and come out with the honors of a veteran fire company!

M. Z. C.

Argus.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The interest in the Bible and Mission Study classes continues, and the attendance is good.

Mrs. Woods and Mrs. Sampson, leaders of the Woman's Missionary Union of the West Hanover Presbytery, spoke to the girls of the Mission Study class, March 31. Mrs. Woods, who has been a missionary in China, made an interesting address on the people and customs of that country. She showed us very clearly that "these from the land of Sinim" have a great need of a Saviour. Mrs. Sampson spoke on the subject, "Young Women, Queens by the Grace of God," and touched every heart by her strong appeal for consecration.

The Easter meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was led by Virgie McCue. The subject was "The Resurrection Miracles." The topics discussed were "The Resurrection Miracles" and "What Easter Means to Me." The choir sang a beautiful Easter hymn. The papers and the music filled us with the glad spirit of the Eastertide and prepared us for the joyful day that was to follow.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION.

During the last few weeks a great many newspapers, both secular and religious, have contained short paragraphs, editorials, or long articles on the Student Volunteer Convention, held in Nashville, Tennessee, February 28-March 4. All of the writers seem to agree that it is no easy task to draw an adequate picture of this mighty gathering. Some of them have only attempted to give what seemed to be the most striking features of the Convention. We have gleaned from the papers some of the impressions of ministers, professors, students in universities, and business men.

The business management of the Convention was remarkable. There was no friction anywhere. The smallest detail was carefully looked after, and everything ran smoothly.

A spirit of wholesomeness and straightforwardness characterized the addresses. They were stirring, but there was no touch of fanaticism about them. "Great enthusiasm did not lead away from strict adherence to facts. There was no attempt to cast around missionary life an unnatural halo."

The personnel of the Convention was particularly strong. The delegates were not mere enthusiasts, but quiet, earnest, "wonderfully clear-eyed men and women, the flower of American college life." They had come at a great sacrifice to themselves, for "college men and women do not lose a week or more from a short and crowded term for any light reason." They came because they loved the Lord and longed to advance His kingdom on the earth, and because their lives were dominated by the motto, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation."

There was great enthusiasm at Nashville. "Great themes and high ideals were presented and received with an enthusiasm that was deep, glowing, sustained, yet at the same time restrained, rising at times in tides of emotion touched to finer issues, but never overflowing the bounds and becoming mere emotionalism."

The inadequacy of the non-Christian religions was emphasized, "for they represent the search of men for God, not the search of God for men." The claims of Christianity, "the only absolute religion," were presented in a masterly way.

The spirituality and prayer-life of the Convention made one of the deepest and most lasting impressions. "With splendid machinery and great material results, the trust was not in these outward things, but in the thought contained in the words, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' " Christ was exalted in all things, and, as one of our own delegates has said, perhaps there was never a more striking or impressive illustration of His own saying, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Alumnae Notes.

This is Alumnae year for the Virginia Normal. So at our June commencement we hope to see and meet a great many graduates of whom we have heard so much. These meetings of the Alumnae Association always add to the pleasure of commencement. At this one we expect to especially enjoy showing our beautiful new building, handsome reception hall and dome to an admiring and appreciative alumnae.

As our alumnae are graduates of a Normal School, of course, they are teachers. As most of our public schools close in April or May, our alumnae notes in this issue of THE GUIDON will suffer for news. Be patient, therefore, as we relate to you, not our usual news of where the alumnae are teaching, but rather—well, read farther and see.

Mary Lou Campbell is sponsor for the Senior class of Hampden-Sidney College. We hope that this will bring her to the H. S. finals, and then perhaps we too may catch a glimpse of her.

The local alumnae association of Farmville met here last week.

Bertha Harris has finished her teaching, and has returned to Farmville for her summer vacation.

Miss Bessie Wade has returned to her home in Farmville, after a successful year's work at Birch.

Ethel Arvin is visiting friends in Farmville. We always welcome her familiar face at the Normal.

Bessie Carter, a graduate of February, '05, visited the Normal School during the Easter holidays.

Jokes.

D. S-a-r-s.—“What is the difference between a drawing room and a parlor?”

L-l-l-a-n R-s.—“Why, in a drawing room you draw, and in a parlor you talk.”

W-r-t D-v-d-on.—“Miss Whiting said we had to read ‘The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.’”

Reply.—“I don’t see how we shall have time to read ‘The Autocrat’ at the breakfast table when we hardly have time to eat our breakfast!”

L-c-y El-c-n.—“In which direction does the earth move?”

Answer.—“From west to east.”

L-c-y El-c-n.—“I know that’s not true, for the sun moves from west to east and so the earth must move from north to south.”

Dr. M-s-i-n-ger.—“Why do hens set on eggs?”

V-r-g-e N-n.—“For *paternal* reasons.”

V-r-g-e B-y-nt, rushing to her table as the breakfast bell tapped: “I just did make it this morning, for I came in behind the *last* girl!”

M-r-g-a-r-t H-n-d-r-s-n, to Training School children: “Now turn to the thirteenth chapter of second Ruth.”

Miss S-th-rl-n.—“What is a fanatic?”

B-rth-a Br-i-t-w-i-t.—“A little insect something like an ant.”

“Is your father a democrat?”

Z-u-l-a La B-y-t-a-x.—“No, he is a great temperance man and votes the abolition ticket.”

L-l-i-n Bl-a-r.—“Miss W., I can't find the ‘One Hoss Shay.’”

Miss W.—“Did you look in Holmes' works?”

L-l-in Bl-a-r.—“Holmes? Why, I looked in Homer's works.”

E-a-n-e T-m.—“L-l-a, wasn't Pharaoh the one who burnt Rome?”

Notes of Local Interest.

The short Easter holiday was greatly enjoyed. Quite a number of the girls spent the vacation at home or with friends out of town. Those who remained here spent the holiday very pleasantly, and enjoyed walking, dancing, tennis and picnics, and every one felt more like work after the short rest.

Miss Lila London spent Easter at her home in Roanoke, Va.

Miss Mary V. Blandy visited friends in Richmond.

Miss Harrison spent the holidays with her father in Richmond.

Miss M. W. Haliburton spent Monday and Tuesday in Richmond.

Miss Bess Howard, Miss Mary Moore and Miss Lelia Martin were guests of Miss Mary Brightwell at her home in Prospect, Virginia.

Misses Elaine Toms and Nan Nicholson were guests of Miss Mary Watkins at her home at Charlotte Court-House, Virginia.

Miss Mary Preston visited her home people at Salem, Virginia.

Miss Florence Barr spent from Friday till Tuesday with her grandparents in Petersburg.

Misses Martha and Minnie Blanton, Miss Lizzie Kizer and Miss Isa Compton spent Monday in Richmond.

Misses Alice Castle and Eva White spent the holidays with friends in Lynchburg.

Miss Mary Stephens was the guest of Miss Blanche Gentry, at her home in Petersburg.

Among the other girls who enjoyed visits home are Mary Vaiden, Jaira Chapman, Emma Edwards, Caroline Bailey, Hattie Crute, Isabelle Flournoy, Florence and Louise Jones, Marie Woody, Geraldine Graham, Mildred Davis, and Ruby Berry.

Miss Isa McKay Compton, of Front Royal, Virginia, was chosen valedictorian, the first honor girl, and Miss Pauline Brooks Williamson was chosen salutatorian, the second honor girl, at a faculty meeting last week.

Miss Grace Walton very delightfully entertained a number of her friends and class-mates at a "Spinsters' Tea" on Friday night, April 19.

"The Spinsters Return" was pronounced a success and greatly enjoyed by all who attended. A nice little sum was realized for the Annual.

A number went down to Blackstone Saturday morning, April 21, to hear the Damroch Orchestra from New York. Those who enjoyed this treat were Misses Carrie and Lula Sutherlin, Miss Gwynn, Misses Eva and Daisy Minor, Miss Snow, Miss Porter, Miss Dugger, and Miss Hattie Paulett.

Basket ball has been the chief feature of interest for the past month. A number of interesting and enthusiastic games have been played. Miss Steptoe Campbell's team, "The Greens," won the championship, and Miss Grace Walton's team, "The Whites" was given second place in the Annual.

The line up of "The Greens" is, captain, Steptoe Campbell; forwards, Susan Stone and Virginia Tinsley; guards, Virgie Nunn and Ruth Redd; substitutes, Elizabeth Sterritt and Lula Sutherlin.

The line-up of "The Whites" is, captain, Grace Walton; center, Elizabeth Davis; forwards, Grace Walton and Elizabeth Verser; guards, Lockett Walton and Eleanor Wiatt; substitute, Annie Bidgood.

Exchanges.

The school term is drawing to a close and we must say farewell to our friends, the magazines. Their monthly perusal has meant much work, but it has also meant pleasure. We wish to offer our sincerest thanks to the exchange editors for their words of appreciation and encouragement.

The first article in *The Messenger*, which comes from Richmond College, is "Aaron Burr." This is an interesting and appreciative study of the early life and political career of Burr. The plot of the story, "The Second Visit to Grandmother," seems rather forced than natural. Robert Morris' mother is made to die during his first school term with no other purpose than to make him spend his vacation away from home and meet Alice Wilburn. Alice gets sick that a properly romantic touch may be given to the making-up scene on the mountain. Of course, in a story, incidents must be created which carry on the plot, but they should seem the most natural under the circumstances, and there should be a logical relation between them. Among the poems "The Adam Child, or How Man Didn't Begin" shows, to say the least, great originality. "The Fairest of the Fair" has considerable poetic merit.

The Emory and Henry Era is overcharged with articles, which,—though not professedly such—are in reality little more than character sketches. The poetry of this number is excellent and well arranged in the magazine. "Robert Burns" is a delightfully sympathetic sketch of that poet's life. The author of "Neighbor Thompson" gives us with a few telling strokes a life-like picture of that peculiar personage and a true insight into his character. "The Wanderlust" is interesting. There is something sweetly pathetic about the brave and gentle little

man who is seeing life on mule-back. The Y. M. C. A. notes are interesting and helpful.

The *Monthly Chronicle* is in sad need of literary matter. "By the Will of Cupid" is the only story in the magazine. This is good, although it is built on the time-worn plot of love at first sight.

The first poem in *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* is entitled "The Passing." This contains some pretty, though rather pessimistic, comparisons. The two stories, "The Rose of Bay Street" and "Platonics," are fairly good. The short sketch stories under the general heading, "As You Please," are quite interesting. They range from tragic to comic. "College Training" is a clear exposition of the value of such training. The purpose of a college the author divides into the two main divisions,—to give character and to give scholarship. Character is deservedly given the first place.

The Tattler is more distinctively a school magazine than any that we have seen. It gives us pictures of real school life, treated, for the most part, however, in a humorous way. Though we like the way in which *The Tattler* as a college magazine represents college life, we think it would be better if it had some articles on subjects of more real importance. "Fads and Frills of Fashion" approaches this more nearly than any of the other articles. "Last" is a story of a poor little dog. The sweetly sympathetic treatment invests this seemingly insignificant story with a charm which reveals true art.

We gratefully acknowledge the following: *St Mary's Muse*, *The Kalosetic Chimes*, *The Messenger*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Emory and Henry Era*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *The Tattler*, *The Virginian*.

From Other Magazines.

FAILURE.*

Weird and wild are the phantoms
That flit through my fevered brain.
Ghosts of a wasted manhood
Which in memory live again;
Grand were the youthful visions
Of what life held for me,
High the resolves and higher
The hopes for the yet-to-be.
But when by the frown of Fortune
Obscure was my future's sky,
I grew faint and my soul sought solace
In the filth of the sensual sty;
And tonight I shall end together
With my boyhood's blasted dream,
The life that is only a shadow
Of the man that I might have been.

W. E. H., in *Emory and Henry Era*.

LET ME DREAM.

When the surging billows swell,
I am dreaming, Clarabel,
Dreaming of thee,
And the visions come and go
Like dim shadows to and fro,
Ever free.

For my heart is ever thine,
And I worship at thy shrine, Clarabel.

*Note.—Found on the body of a drunken tramp who committed suicide near Emory, Va., March 11, by throwing himself in front of a fast freight.

Though the seas between us roll
With their never-ending dole,
Yet I feel upon my soul
Love's strong spell.

Stay, oh stay, thou happy hour,
With thy soul-enchanting power,
Heavenly gleam;
Bid time falter on his pinion
At the prayer of sweet love's minion,
Let me dream.

JAMES R. LAUGHTON, in *The Randolph-Macon
Monthly*.

CATULLUS.

I hate, yet love. Perchance you ask,
How can these things be?
I know not but I feel 'tis so;
Inward fires consume me.

W. J. Y., in *The Messenger*.

QUEEN OF THE ORIENT.

Proud as a massive pyramid
Reared on a desert plain,
Fair as a verdant island
In the midst of a restless main,
Magnificent as the prospect
Portrayed in an angel's dream,
Rises the lovely Nippon—
The Orient's new-crowned queen.

Born to a splendid destiny,
Imbued with a consciousness
That duty leads from material deeds
To works of righteousness,
Facing the task that Providence
Has thrust into her hands,
May she by perseverance prove
A light to Eastern Lands.

HOUCK, in *Emory and Henry Era*.

A decorative border made of a laurel wreath, consisting of two rows of stylized leaves and berries, framing the central text.

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